

THE Youngmans careles Whooing, And the Witty Maids Replication;

All done out of old English Proverbs.

To the Tune of, *Mars and Venus.*

This may be Printed. R. P.



Down in an Arbour devoted to *Venus*,
unseen I heard, two fond Lovers contend;
Noting how *Cupid* from businels can wean us
and yet their Love, come to an unhappy end
The blinded Boy no victory wins,
As you shall hear he now begins.

I prethee Sweetheart grant me my desire,
for I am thrown as the old Proverb goes,
Out of the Frying-pan into the Fire:
and there is none doth pitty my woes,
Then hang or drown'd himself my muse
For there is not a *C* to choose.

Most Maids are false tho' some seem holier
yet I believe they are all of one mind,
Like unto like, quoth the Dee'l to the Collier:
and they'l prove true when the Devil is blind,
Let no Man yield to their desire
For the burn'd Child doth dread the fire.

Tell me not my Love, as white as the Dove is
for you would say so if you saw her within
Shitten come shites the beginning of Love is,
and for her favour I care not a pin,
No love of mine, she ever shall be,
Sirreberence of her Company.

I will no more in love by her hands shake
let her go seek one that fits for her mind,
You know what's good for a Sow as a Pancake:
and under such Dirt, i'le ne're be confin'd
And he that hopes her Love to win,
Resolves to run through thick and thin.

Tho' her disdainfulness my heart hath cloven:
yet am I of so gallant a mind
I'le ne'r creep in her Arse to bake in her oven:
for 'tis an old Proverb, Cat after kind,
And this I'le say until I dye,
Farewel & be hang'd, that's I wis good bye.

THE Youngmans careles Whooing, And the Witty Maids Replication;

All done out of old English Proverbs.

To the Tune of, *Mars and Venus.*

This may be Printed. R. P.



Down in an Arbour devoted to *Venus*,
unseen I heard, two fond Lovers contend;
Noting how *Cupid* from businels can wean us
and yet their Love, come to an unhappy end
The blinded Boy no victory wins,
As you shall hear he now begins.

I prethee Sweetheart grant me my desire,
for I am thrown as the old Proverb goes,
Out of the Frying-pan into the Fire:
and there is none doth pitty my woes,
Then hang or drown'd himself my muse
For there is not a *C* to choose.

Most Maids are false tho' some seem holier
yet I believe they are all of one mind,
Like unto like, quoth the Dee'l to the Collier:
and they'l prove true when the Devil is blind,
Let no Man yield to their desire
For the burn'd Child doth dread the fire.

Tell me not my Love, as white as the Dove is
for you would say so if you saw her within
Shitten come shites the beginning of Love is,
and for her favour I care not a pin,
No love of mine, she ever shall be,
Sirreberence of her Company.

I will no more in love by her hands shake
let her go seek one that fits for her mind,
You know what's good for a Sow as a Pancake:
and under such Dirt, i'le ne're be confin'd
And he that hopes her Love to win,
Resolves to run through thick and thin.

Tho' her disdainfulness my heart hath cloven:
yet am I of so gallant a mind
I'le ne'r creep in her Arse to bake in her oven:
for 'tis an old Proverb, Cat after kind,
And this I'le say until I dye,
Farewel & be hang'd, that's I wis good bye.



The Witty MAIDS Answer.

The silly Maiddrown'd in Tears of vexation,
sending to him whom she lov'd best of all ;
Such a sad sonnet so pester'd with passion
tearing her hair to the ground she did fall,
But rising up undauntedly
she unto him made this reply.

If I should grant unto thee thy desire
without obtaining my Mother good will
Then I'm sure all the Fats in the Fire:
I know what I think, and think I will still ,
my Muse and yours are paltry Elves
They may go hang and drown themselves.

Thou may'st go follow thy sweetheart to *Norwich*
she is a Lass that's fit for your Tooth,
A Slut's good enough to make Slobens Porridge
and that was the reason yea left me forsooth ;
But this I say, and will do still,
'Tis a good Jack makes a good Jill.

I must confess that I loved thee well one day,
but e're that thou findest me do so again,
Thou shalt come kiss me where I sat on Sunday
We foolish Maids put to much trust in Men,
For when we think we are in our Heaven,
You leave us all at fires and scabens.

Thou only seekest to know where my stock is
But stay by my troth, some are wiser than thou:
Near is my Petticoat, nearer my Smock is,
and thy Entertainment shall be like Jack Drum
For when my Portion thou hast got,
'Tis need that makes the old Wife trot.

And thus to conclude upon our conferring,
most Men are as false, very few Men are true
They are neither Fish, Flesh, nor yet good red her-
we must speak truth, give the Devil his dew (ring
And this shall be my last reply
Go walk up out Knave what care I.